

# The Musical World.

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## ALBERT SMITH'S MONT BLANC.

The 528th ascent took place on Saturday. The Egyptian Hall was filled to overflowing. Albert was more eloquent, instructive, and amusing than ever, and the audience were more pleased and *emporté* than ever. It was a glorious and glad evening.

193,754 persons have paid to the show since Albert set it up, in 1852. From these 193,754, only one Crown-George, in bad coin, has been taken and imbagged—except two ill shillings (leaden), and four franc-pieces, which, though in themselves good enough, were not good enough to pass for good shillings; howbeit they did pass, and Albert has taken them with him to Chamouni, to repass them *en route*, in change for *petits verres*, &c., to be shared with his travelling companions.

This, as a correspondent has suggested, “bespeaks the honesty of the sight-seeing public.” Several pieces of five francs-louis have been taken, as so many four-and-twopences. So far well.

The largest number that ever assembled at the bidding of the jolly mountaineer was 471 (Wednesday last), which filled the Egyptian Hall to the sides and to the extremities.

In the first week of July, last year, as many as 1,027 stalls were let in advance of the performances—85 only being laid down in the plan, as daily and nightly available. This will give some idea of the letting “a-head.” It was “go a-head” letting, and no mistake—without let or hindrance.

Nothing was ever charged for taking places. (Hear, Mathews!) The play-bills were given, not sold. (Hear, Smith!) The expenses for given play-bills amounted to £172, printing, publishing, and paper—an item which made them anything but *pay*-bills (if we may be allowed to play upon the word) to Albert Smith.

To make short tale, however, Albert, in company with Captain De Bathe, and Mr. Howard Russell, left London for the Continent on Monday. He will return shortly, with a bag-full of new matter—all to be applied to the furbishing, restoring, embellishing, and beautifying of his imaginary Mont Blanc, which, towards the winter, he again proposes to ascend, on the ladder of his memory. God be with him!

## JULLIEN IN AMERICA.

The first blow has been struck; the first concert has been given. With what result may be gathered from the following somewhat eccentric article which appeared in the *New York Tribune*:—

## JULLIEN'S FIRST GREAT PROMENADE CONCERT AT CASTLE GARDEN LAST NIGHT.

“The arrival of M. Jullien forms an era in musical art in this country. He is emphatically a superior mind—he is a man not only of talent, but of genius. He has the qualities, intellectual and physical, which fit him for his post. Of a square built solid frame, made to endure fatigue; with a muscular arm, that can work like a steam engine; possessed of indomitable will and unblenching energy; with the skill of a leader, of that class of mind which can magnetize and direct others; a thoroughly scientific musician, bred up in the lore of the schools under Cherubini; with a broad and lyrical philosophy, that makes him put all compositions into a crucible and judge them without the names of composers or the pretensions of mere classification; imbued with the bold, strong, and at times, necessarily haughty nature of the progressist and reformer, and hence looking on what has been done as the basis for addition, if not improvement, he stands fitly the representative of advancing art—a musical director entitled to guide, sway, and triumph. If he play quadrilles, it is because a man of genius can put his genius into a quadrille as well as into a mass or symphony, and a good quadrille has more merit than a mediocre mass or symphony; or, in other words, such is the quality of genius, that the soul may shine in the narrowest limits, and show itself to be divine. We claim all this for M. Jullien. We claim for him a profound acquaintance with musical composition as a science; a knowledge of instrumentation as rare as special, leaving nothing unstudied in that department; and a power of command that would make itself felt in any other department where pure intellect and high will are demanded.

“The name of Jullien has long been familiar to American amateurs of music as the master spirit, who, above all others, has succeeded in combining great masses of orchestral performers, and presenting, through them, to the London and Paris public the master-pieces of all styles and schools, with such splendid and varied effects, as to attract nightly, for a long series of years, admiring crowds, and prove the possibility of educating whole communities to the comprehension of the beauties as well of instrumental as of vocal music. His concerts have everywhere been monster concerts. He produces great effects by novel and great means. He invents new and huge instruments, monster drums, monster ophicleides, monster cymbals. For these innovations, and for the apparently extravagant gesticulation with which he directed his orchestra, the London press first denounced him as “a charlatan” and “a mountebank;” but he lived down their sneers, conquered their prejudices, and reaped a harvest of glory and guineas. He showed the effects of his great instruments to be legitimate, and as suitable in combination with his hundreds of instruments as they would have been out of place in a chamber concert, and he proved that the gestures and actions of a mercurial Frenchman, though seemingly outlandish to the phlegmatic Englishman, possessed a magnetism, under the influence of which a hundred artists are forced to give together any musical phrase with a unanimity of sentiment and

precision of time that seem little short of miraculous. In fact, to direct a great orchestra as Jullien does, a man must be all eyes and ears. Every note of tens of thousands played must be heard and judged by him, and come forth pure. He must know as much of the resources of each instrument as he that plays it, and more in its relations and proportions with other instruments. Argus and Briareus, all in one, must he prove. To illustrate to the unmusical reader, or to the musical reader who has never given a thought to the subject, the power with which a great conductor controls his orchestra, and the ability of the musical ear to individuate each one of a mass of rapidly uttered musical sounds, let him call to mind the sound he has often heard emitted by the locomotive engine at starting, caused by the abrupt emission of waste steam up the chimney, and technically called "the cough." Dr. Lardner, when recently commenting upon the speed of seventy miles per hour attained on the Great Western Railroad of England, remarked that, at that rate of speed, the engine "coughed" twenty times in a second, a number impossible for the ear to separate and distinguish. Now, under the direction of a great leader, we have heard forty violins in the coda of an overture firmly attack a passage of groups of eight notes, and with lightning-like rapidity play them perfectly together, as if by one instrument, each note being most distinctly appreciable by the ear. The effect on the audience was electrical, exciting to the last degree. Happening to have a watch in hand at the moment, we calculated the speed of the players, and found, for twenty seconds, three groups, or twenty-four notes a second were played by each. Thus, in each second, they played nine hundred and sixty notes, and in the twenty seconds, or one-third of a minute, eighteen thousand two hundred notes, and had a single one of these notes been misplayed, a highly cultivated and naturally susceptible musical ear would have discovered and been displeased by it.

"The treatment Jullien at first met at the hands of the London press was similar to that awarded to all other innovators, the musical critics there being a set of old fogies, who denounce everything new as not being formed after "classical" models. As it takes, according to these critics, a verdict of two generations to set the seal of classicity upon works now produced, it may be that the novelties and not the imitations of this day will, fifty years hence, be classical. We used, in this country, to take our opinions in musical matters at second-hand from the London journals; but, happily, a better era has arrived, and we think and judge for ourselves. The ideas of the London critics are, however, beginning to improve: they now admit that the works of Bellini and Donizetti have some slight merits, and may continue popular yet a little longer. This is decidedly a concession; for we remember, when Bellini and Donizetti's operas were first presented at the London Opera-house, the management was denounced for setting aside Cimarosa's, Mozart's, and Rossini's to give them place. The *Times*, the *Post*, the *Chronicle*, the dailies and the weeklies, all join in the chorus, *La Sonnambula* was pronounced, by the musical Editor of the *Morning Chronicle*—who, by the way, was Hogarth, a distinguished oracle, and author of a standard dictionary of music and biography of musicians—of a work destitute of merit, flimsy trash, unworthy a place on the London boards, and—most amusing of all—a work without originality, being an imitation of Rossini. Notwithstanding the critics, Jullien found favour with the public. A success without parallel was his. He has given, in London, Paris, and various other European cities, no less than *three thousand concerts*, mostly monster concerts to monster audiences. Each one of his concerts is a music lesson of the first order, and no less than *six millions*

of auditors have already profited by them. He has done more to cultivate the taste of the masses, by affording the best music at the cheapest possible cost, than any other living man, and we therefore look with particular interest upon his present undertaking. The presentation of orchestral music alone at concerts has never yet been pecuniarily a successful enterprise—the public taste seemingly not being educated up to the point of rightly appreciating and enjoying it. If Jullien overcomes this obstacle, and succeeds in improving the public taste up to the point of appreciating and rewarding his efforts, it will be no less a source of gratification to himself than to all connoisseurs.

"Under the guidance of Jullien, whose fine taste in decorative art is noted, his workmen, within the six days since the Opera closed, have transferred that huge architectural abortion, Castle Garden, into a temple almost fitting for muse worship. The proscenium, wings, and part of the side of the stage, have been removed, and the stage-floor brought forward, so as to occupy the entire space within the circle of the great unsightly wooden pillars. The hideousness of these supports of the dome has been lessened by covering them with white and gold, wreathing them with flowers, and partly concealing what, by courtesy must be called their capitals, by trophies of flags, banners, and shields. Vases of flowers adorn the platform. The front of the box circle has been covered with white and gold hangings, festooned with artificial flowers, the pillars around the circle decorated like those on the stage, and the stage surrounded by an open lattice-work of white, green, and gold. The effect of the decorations was very pleasing. On the stage appeared Jullien's rostrum of crimson and gold, furnished with an elegantly carved and gilt music-stand and arm-chair.

"The hall last night was well filled. Nearly three thousand persons must have been present. The orchestra was occupied by a vast body of musicians, the largest, we believe, that has ever appeared in America. We have had heretofore, on two or three occasions, about eighty musicians, that being the number of a truly great orchestra, according to the Paris, London, and Vienna standard. As nearly as we could discern, Jullien's orchestra numbered ninety-seven performers, as follows:—3 flutes, 1 flageolet, 2 clarionets, 2 oboes, 2 bassoons, 3 trumpets, 3 cornets, 4 horns, 4 trombones, 2 ophicleides, 3 snare drums, 1 bass drum, 1 pair cymbals, 2 pairs kettle-drums, 17 first violins, 16 second violins, 10 violas, 10 violoncellos, and 11 double-basses. Of these, twenty-five were brought by M. Jullien from Europe, and the remainder engaged here. A finer body of performers it would have been difficult to get together anywhere.

"Jullien took his place promptly at the hour designated for commencing, and after the rounds of applause that greeted him had subsided, commenced the overture to *Der Freischütz*. It was admirably played and greatly applauded. Then followed one of Jullien's brilliant quadrilles, "The Standard Bearer. Next came the "Allegro," and storm movement of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony. Never had it been so gloriously given before. The magnificent chromatic runs depicting the storm, the return of calm and sunshine portrayed by the oboes and flutes, and the exquisite *diminuendo*, closing the movement like the faintest breathing of a zephyr, were incomparable evidences of the skill of the artists and the conductor.

"Madame Anna Zerr, in Mozart's celebrated air from *Il Flauto Magico*, displayed a voice of remarkable register, extending up to D, E, F and G; but not very just in intonation, nor faultless in method. It was an exhibition of musical pyrotechny, the effect being momentarily dazzling, but not

memorable. After Madame Zerr's song came a lovely waltz by Jullien, 'The Prima Donna.' The theme, a beautiful plaintive melody, was played on the cornet by Herr Koenig, the greatest performer living. Never have we heard such a tone and such expression as Koenig produces from this instrument. The audience were enraptured, and gave vent to their enthusiasm in tremendous bursts of applause. This waltz is a remarkable composition, showing Jullien to be a master of his art. A passage for the violins, played *forte* and then *pianissimo*, was of exquisite beauty, and miraculously well performed. So, too, a splendid chromatic passage, ascending and descending, by all the instruments. At the late hour at which we write, it is impossible to speak critically of all the pieces performed. We cannot omit, however, to mention our old favourite, Bottesini, who met with an enthusiastic reception, played as he used to play, and was encored. Bottesini, by common consent of all musicians, is considered the double-bass player of the world. He has no rival. A solo on the flute by Reichert, one of the artists who accompany Jullien, was a great performance. His tone and execution are superior to any we have ever heard. Short solos were also played by Hughes on the opheicleide, Lavigne on the oboe, Wuille on the clarinet, and Collinet on the flageolet. All of these are evidently artists of the first rank. Jullien's 'English Quadrille,' and his arrangement of airs from 'Les Huguenots,' are magnificent specimens of composition. In the former, the comical rendering by the violins of a passage in the old English ditty, 'The King of the Cannibal Islands,' convulsed the audience with laughter. They insisted on stopping the progress of the piece to have the passage repeated. The *scherso* movement of Mendelssohn's A minor symphony was admirably rendered, and the concert concluded with a rollicking set of Irish Quadrilles, composed by Jullien. The long-continued applause at the finale showed the audience to be thoroughly delighted with the entertainment.

"Such was the first night of the world-celebrated Jullien and his company. It has certainly indoctrinated the American people into the nature of a magnificent orchestra, magnificently led. It has placed before them such matchless players as Koenig, Reichert, Lavigne, Wuille, Collinet, Bottesini, and their worthy auxiliaries; it has revealed their splendid resources in every proportion, from the solo to the simultaneously performing whole. It must popularize musical art. It must elevate its standard. It must mend the morals and manners of the people. While they learn to enjoy such music, they will not seek the mere animal excitement of intemperance; they will not grow worse, but better. We ask, on various reasons, artistic and moral, the fullest attention to the concerts of Jullien. They are unequalled in their character. They give the best and most varied music, performed by the greatest artists in the world. Nothing more of its kind could be asked or enjoyed. They must succeed triumphantly, if our claims to a love of music are well based, and we really require great works by great interpreters. What we mean by great works, is the best of their class, whether sonnets or epics.

"The concerts will be continued every evening, and every evening the programme will be changed. It will always include an overture, two movements of a symphony, an operatic *pot pourri*, two instrumental solos, one of Jullien's sets of quadrilles, two songs by Madame Zerr, and a variety of waltzes, polkas, &c.—a nightly banquet with a bill of fare ample enough for every taste."

The Yankee strictures on London criticism are sufficiently amusing, considering the advanced state of the art of reviewing in the United States. *N'importe!* The lion quarrels not

with the mouse, but allows the tiny quadruped to tickle him, without let or hindrance. That Jullien has made a "hit," is only what we expected, and in this alone did we feel an interest. To the musical and critical notions of Brother Jonathan we are profoundly, and very naturally, not to say essentially, indifferent.

#### GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From the Times.)

GLOUCESTER, SEPT. 13.

The festival of the three choirs opens to-day (Tuesday) at Gloucester, and the arrangements, which have been progressing for the past two or three months, are now all completed. The rehearsals commenced at the Cathedral yesterday (Monday) morning, and were concluded in the Concert-room last night. All the principal vocalists are on the spot, and the choral and instrumental body, numbering 300 performers, were at their posts in the orchestra of the Cathedral early yesterday morning. Gloucester is putting on its usual triennial festive appearance, and lodgings are very dear, there having been a larger number of applications than usual.

These festivals, of which this is the 130th anniversary, have of late years taken quite a new life. A few years ago, they were in a declining state, and their early dissolution was looked forward to; but suddenly a new spirit was infused into them, and, notwithstanding the increase of similar institutions, the festivals of the three choirs have advanced considerably in the last few years, and the present Gloucester meeting bids fair to eclipse its predecessors, judging from the extraordinary sale of tickets which has already been made. We hear, upon the best authority, that there are at this moment only a few of the least desirable of the numbered tickets for the four morning performances left unsold. These places occupy about two-thirds of the whole area of the nave of the Cathedral, in which the morning performances of sacred music take place, and it is an unprecedented circumstance, that the majority of the holders of these tickets are strangers. Gloucester is peculiarly well placed for travellers, forming, as it does, an important centre of the western and south midland district, railways on both gauges meeting here. The Midland, Great Western, Gloucester and Dean Forest, and South Wales Railways meet here at one common station. At the last Gloucester festival, in 1850, the South Wales line was not opened direct to Gloucester, a *hiatus* of twenty-seven miles having to be travelled by coach. There is, however, now a length considerably over one hundred miles of this line open—Gloucester to Carmarthen—and there can be little doubt that Taffy will avail himself of the opportunity of witnessing an English "cwmrygeddion." The South Wales Company, by way of encouraging the traffic, intend conveying passengers to and from Gloucester in one day for a single fare. The Midland Company also issue return tickets, available for the week; and the Great Western run special trains. With these facilities, it is reasonable to anticipate that, should the weather prove fine, a large accession of visitors will be attracted to the "fair city," as it is called. This distinctive appellation, no doubt, has been fairly earned, but the city itself does not present any peculiarly attractive features entitling it to such an appellation. There are very few handsome buildings in the place, the sewerage is lamentably deficient, and the sole aim of the tradesmen appears to be to "get money," reserving the spending of it for their descendants. The city, however, is in a very flourishing state at this moment, and the docks—Gloucester is the most



inland port in the kingdom—are full of fine shipping. The principal articles of import are corn and timber; of the latter article, immense piles are raised in the neighbourhood of the docks, and the immense corn warehouses are crammed full of foreign grain. There are a few antiquarian features in the place, but the Cathedral is the most interesting architectural feature in the whole district.

The festival of the three choirs of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford was founded in 1724, and when in its infant state the collections made for charitable purposes amounted for several years to no more than from £20 to £40 per annum. The original founder of the festivals was Dr. Thomas Bisse, Chancellor of Hereford, and the money collected was applied to the apprenticing of the orphans of clergymen of the three dioceses of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford. As the means increased, however, the charity was extended to the relief of the clergy. Originally one steward only was appointed, who was responsible for all losses; but the expenses, it must be borne in mind, were not to be compared with those of the present day, the musical attraction being vastly enhanced in the more recent history of these gatherings. It was in 1798, when the pecuniary responsibilities became seriously heavy, that the number of stewards was increased. These have of late years generally averaged a dozen, but at the Gloucester meetings they usually run to a larger number, there being no fewer than twenty-three for the present meeting. At the Worcester festival it has been usual to establish a "guarantee fund" by means of a public subscription, ranging from a guinea to £10 each person, and this fund was wholly or partially absorbed, according to the favourable or unfavourable result of the festival, in the payment of the current expenses before the stewards were called upon to make up the deficiency. The large number of stewards who have accepted office for this year's Gloucester festival renders such an arrangement unnecessary; and, indeed, there is every prospect of the present festival paying its own expenses—an event which, we are told, has never happened but once in the known history of these meetings. It should be explained that the receipts from the sale of tickets are the only resources for defraying the heavy charges of engaging principal singers and a choral and instrumental band of 300 performers, besides the incidental expenses of fitting up the Cathedral, &c. The receipts from this source, with the single exception noticed above, have always been insufficient for the purpose, and the stewards have had to make up the deficiency—the benefit to the charity for the relief of widows and orphans of the three dioceses being derived exclusively from the subscriptions made at the doors of the Cathedral after each morning's performance of sacred music.

The stewards who have this year undertaken the responsibilities of the festival are—Lord Leigh, the Mayor of Gloucester, the Hon. Ashley Ponsonby, M.P., Sir William Russell, Bart., Messrs. R. N. Kingscote, M.P., W. P. Price, M.P., J. R. Mullings, M.P., G. H. Bengough, R. P. Davies, W. H. H. Hartley, C. J. Monk, R. Potter, J. F. Sevier, T. Turner, J. Waddingham, the Rev. Sir J. H. C. Seymour, Bart., the Rev. H. A. S. Attwood, the Rev. F. T. J. Bayly, the Rev. B. S. Claxson, D.D., the Rev. J. B. Clutterbuck, the Rev. T. Evans, D.D., the Rev. H. B. Evans, and the Rev. Canon Hutchinson.

The principal performers engaged are—Madame Clara Novello, Mademoiselle Bellini, Mrs. Weiss, Madame Castellan, Miss Dolby, Mrs. Lockey (late Miss Williams), Mr. Lockey, Mr. Weiss, Signor Gardoni, Signor Tagliafico, and Herr Formes. Mr. H. Blagrove is the leader of the band; Mr. Arnott is the conductor; organ, Mr. Townshend Smith, of

Hereford Cathedral; and pianoforte, Mr. Done, of Worcester Cathedral.

The festival is under the immediate patronage of the Queen. The Duke of Beaufort is the president, and the vice-presidents are Earl Fitzhardinge (Lord Lieutenant of Gloucestershire), Earl Somers (Lord Lieutenant of Herefordshire), Lord Littleton (Lord Lieutenant of Worcestershire), and the Bishops of Gloucester and Bristol, and Worcester and Hereford. A new feature in the arrangements is the appointment of cathedral service in the choir, on the mornings of Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, at the early hour of eight o'clock, by the actual members of the three choirs. These services will be open to the public free. To-day (Tuesday) there will be full service at the Cathedral at eleven o'clock. The service will open with Handel's *Esther* overture, the pieces and responses will be by Tallis, the *Te Deum* Handel's (the Dettingen), and the other musical portions of the service will be Attwood's anthem, "I was glad," and a new festival anthem—first time of performance—by Dr. Elvey. A sermon will be preached by the Rev. Dr. Claxson, one of the stewards. Tomorrow morning will be occupied with Mendelssohn's oratorio *Elijah*—now become a standing piece at these festivals; and Friday will be devoted to the *Messiah*, another standing dish. On Thursday morning the performances will be varied, the sacred music selected being parts 1 and 2 of Haydn's *Creation*, Mendelssohn's unfinished posthumous oratorio of *Christus*, and Handel's *Israel in Egypt*. Herr Formes is set down for the songs of the Prophet in *Elijah*, and Gardoni and Lockey will divide the tenor songs. The evening concerts of profane music—which will be held in the elegant and spacious concert-room at the Shire-hall—consist of selections from innumerable operas, and will be altogether of a miscellaneous character. Among them is set down a selection from Mori's *Fridolin*, the music to Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the grand finale to the same lamented composer's unfinished posthumous opera of *Lorely*. The two unfinished works of Mendelssohn will be quite new to this part of the country, not having been performed at any of the festivals of the three choirs, and their performance is looked forward to with considerable interest, though it is doubtful whether anything will draw better than the *Elijah* and *Messiah*. The latter of these glorious compositions has, says Burney, "fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and fostered the orphan more than any single musical production in this or any other country;" and it is calculated that the Foundling Hospital, in aid of which Handel had a yearly performance of it up to his death, benefitted in that time £7,000 by it.

The festival began in good earnest to-day, with full service in the Cathedral. The rain, which almost deluged the city yesterday, had ceased before this morning, and the sun has been shining without intermission. The magnificent old Cathedral, one of the monumental glories of England, is bathed in its light; and the ornamental members and perforated pinnacles of the tower (unrivalled as a specimen of Gothic architecture), beautiful and attractive in themselves, derive additional splendour of the solar beams, which seem to adorn them in a thousand fantastic ways. The streets are busy and animated, the inhabitants are out in their holiday attire, and the merry peals from the minster-bells gladden the heart while they please the ear. It is calculated if the fine weather continues, that the present meeting will be one of the most prosperous on record, and that the receipts from the sale of tickets will cover the expenses, which has never happened but

once at this place since the festival of the three choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester was first established.

The attendance at the Cathedral this morning was, by a great deal, the largest that has been known on a first day. The raised seats opposite the orchestra were all occupied; the nave was almost full; and in the aisles were observed a strong muster of the humbler classes. The Bishop of Gloucester, a vice-president, was among the congregation. The orchestra, conducted by Mr. Amott, organist of the Cathedral, with Messrs. Blagrove and Willey as principal violins, is more numerous and more efficient than that which was collected at the festival of 1850. The chorus also exhibits signs of augmented strength; and the entire force, of about 300, is, in all respects, worthy to be engaged in musical performances on a grand scale. The band comprises 26 violins, 9 violas (Mr. Hill principal), 10 violoncellos (Mr. Lucas principal), 10 double basses (Mr. Howell principal), and the thorough complement of wind instruments and those of percussion. The chorus is divided into 60 trebles, 44 altos, 48 tenors, and 60 basses—a judicious and well-balanced distribution of parts. Mr. Townshend Smith, organist of Hereford Cathedral, an excellent musician, is at his accustomed post, and does much with an instrument which might in some respects be modified with advantage. The impressive cathedral service was admirably conducted. The Rev. E. Luscombe intoned the prayers in a distinct and articulate manner; the Rev. C. Y. Crawley read the lessons. Both these gentlemen are Minor Canons of Gloucester Cathedral. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Benjamin Saunders Claxson, D.D., who adopted for his text verse 8, chap. 13, of the First Book of Chronicles—"And David and all Israel prayed before God, with all their might, and with singing, and with harps, and with psalteries, and with timbrels, and with cymbals, and with trumpets." The gentleman advocated, at some length, and with much eloquence, the employment of music in the service of the Church, citing the authority of the ancient Jews, and that of the early Christians, pointing to St. Ambrose and St. Ignatius, who brought forward music as a legitimate means of attracting the faithful to the temple, and referring to the fact that, from the time of St. Augustine, it had been in use in the ceremonial worship of this country. He concluded with an appeal in behalf of the widows and orphans of clergymen of the three dioceses; reminding his hearers, at the same time, that the meetings of the choirs were not instituted with an object to the excellent charity which had been subsequently engrafted upon it, but simply with a view to the improvement of choral singing, as a great and important element of divine worship. The discourse was listened to with the utmost attention, and made an evident impression.

The musical part of the service was unusually well executed. Its principal features were, with one exception, familiar to all who have been in the habit of assisting at the triennial festival on the first day. Handel's overture to *Esther* was the prelude, and a good one—although we cannot help thinking that there are other overtures belonging to the sacred oratorios of that great master which would be more strictly appropriate to such an occasion. The *preces* and "responses" of old Tallis—the father of our ecclesiastical melody—rugged, unbending, and severe, but simple even to sublimity—could not possibly be improved. There is, in their monotonous sublimity, that which holds the spirit mute, and fastens the attention, as with some mysterious spell, to what is going on. Nor could anything be more admirably suited to the "*Te Deum Laudamus*" than the noble work of Handel, composed to celebrate the victory of Dettingen, which, though not on the same grand and elaborate scale, is as full of inspiration as the *Messiah*

itself. The execution of this majestic hymn was extremely satisfactory. The choruses went with force and precision; and the final one—in which may be detected a faint resemblance to the immortal "*Hallelujah*"—resounded through the aisles, and made the walls reverberate with a hundred contending echoes, filling the cathedral with a harmony that raised and sanctified the highest aspirations. The solos in the *Dettingen Te Deum* were entrusted to Mrs. Lockey, Messrs. Lockey and Weiss, who sang them with the requisite purity and fervour, adhering to the text of Handel, while realizing the utmost musical expression. The deeply pathetic passage, "*O Lord have mercy upon us*" (which Mendelssohn had vividly in his mind when he composed the bass air in *St. Paul*, "*O God, have mercy*"), was given by Mr. Weiss in a manner that left nothing to be desired. The novelty in the musical department of the service was a "*Festival Anthem*," so called—"The Lord is King; the earth may be glad thereof"—composed (at the suggestion of Mr. Amott) for the occasion by Dr. Elvey, organist of the Chapel Royal, Windsor, who has already distinguished himself by the production of three anthems, two of which have been performed with success at the concerts of the London Sacred Harmonic Society. Dr. Elvey has adapted passages from the 97th Psalm as part of his text; and it may at once be said that the words of the Psalmist have inspired him with the happiest thoughts that have yet helped him to rank honourably among our most meritorious composers for the church. The "*Festival Anthem*" is in D major, and it opens with a spirited chorus, "*The Lord is King*," relieved by an episode in the minor key, "*Clouds and darkness are round about him*," and terminating with a clever movement in the *fugato* style on the words "*His lightnings gave shine unto the world*." The introductory chorus is followed by a duet for two basses—"The heavens have declared his righteousness," which contains nothing particularly new, but was well sung by Messrs. Weiss and Wilton (the latter a resident professor). The chorus which follows, "*Confounded be all they that worship carved images*," begins impressively enough in the minor key, but falls off in interest towards the end. A florid air for *soprano*, in the key of the anthem, "*Sion heard of it, and rejoiced*," is only remarkable for some trite and familiar vocal passages, with nothing to set them off or invest them with fresh interest. This was sung, however, with great skill by Mrs. Weiss. Far better and far more musically attractive is the succeeding chorus in A—"O ye that love the Lord,"—which, from its lengthened melody and peculiar accompaniment of triplets, shows that Dr. Elvey was thinking of Mendelssohn when he wrote it. No one will blame him for that, more especially since the principal theme is entirely his own, and, though the style is imitated, there is no direct plagiarism from the great original. A bass solo, "*Great is the Lord*," was chiefly to be noticed for the careful and effective singing of Mr. Weiss. The double chorus in D, "*At his sight the mountains are shaken*," is a little after the manner of Handel, but, though very spirited it is spun out to a greater length than is warranted by the interest of the subjects upon which it is constructed. A tenor air, in A—"Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him?"—is beautiful from first to last. The melody is flowing, expressive, and essentially vocal; and the orchestral accompaniments (in which again the violoncellos bring Mendelssohn to mind) are both charming and ingenious. Mr. Lockey sang this air, *con amore*; and, if the composer was not content, he must be exacting indeed. The final chorus, in D, "*O give thanks unto the Lord*," opens with a slow movement, which was probably suggested by the *Coronation Anthem* of Handel, and terminates with a clever,

but not strikingly novel *fugato*, on the words, "For his mercy endureth for ever." On the whole, Dr. Elvey's new "Festival Anthem" is a work of more than ordinary merit, and will, undoubtedly, add to his reputation. Its chief defect is monotonous tonality; a little modulation would decidedly improve it. The performance of the choruses (which had previously been in London) was steady and effective. Dr. Elvey himself held the *baton*. The *Coronation Anthem* of the late Mr. Attwood—"I was glad"—is well known, and universally admired as one of the most successful efforts of its author, who, in this, as in other instances, proved himself a worthy pupil of the great Mozart, and an honour to the English school of musical composers for the Church. Nothing could have terminated the service more satisfactorily.

The sermon of the Rev. Dr. Claxson, to judge by the result, had a sensible effect. The sum of £166 2s. 10d. was collected at the doors, after service, in aid of the charity. Among the congregation we observed the following:—

Rev. H. B. Evans, Mr. John Waddingham, Mr. G. H. Bengough, Rev. H. A. J. Attwood, Rev. F. T. J. Bayly, Rev. Canon Hutchinson, Mr. W. H. H. Hartley, Mr. W. P. Price, M.P., Rev. Dr. Evans, Mr. Thomas Turner, Rev. L. B. Clutterbuck, Lady Rollo, Mrs. Monk and the Misses Monk, Mrs. and Miss Lucy, Hon. Captain Devereux, Mr. Newman, Hon. Miss Campbell, the Rev. Sir John Seymour, Bart., Miss Webb, Mrs. Claxson, Miss Agnes Strickland, the Mayor and Corporation, Rev. Sir Lionel Darell and Lady Darell, Rev. H. D. Y. Scott, Rev. E. F. Witts, Mrs. and Miss Hale, Mr. R. P. Davies, Mrs. and Miss Davies.

To-night the first grand concert will take place in the Shire-hall, and the list of singers will be strengthened by the accession of Madame Novello, Madame Castellan, Miss Dolby, Signor Gardoni, Signor Tagliafico, and Herr Formes. The concert will be followed by a ball; a full room is anticipated.

September 14.

The first miscellaneous concert took place last night at the Shire-hall. The audience was numerous and fashionable, the largest, indeed, ever remembered at an opening performance. The Shire-hall, one of the esteemed monuments of the city, is built of Bath and Leekhampton stone. The portico is supported by columns of the Ionic order, and the entire front is after the model of an ancient temple on the Ilyssus. The concert and ball-room, the most spacious in the building, is eighty-seven feet long, fifty-three wide, and fifty high. Above the doorway may be observed a remarkable bas-relief, nearly forty feet in length, the subject of which is King John signing Magna Charta. The Shire-hall was constructed from drawings by Mr. Smirke; it is a modern building, and was first opened at the Summer Assizes of 1816—supplanting at that time the Tolsey, a more ancient edifice, now chiefly occupied by the post-office. The concert-room in the Shire-hall, though calculated to accommodate a very considerable number of persons, is not favourable to music. The ventilation is bad; and the orchestra, too long and too narrow, becomes further defective through the presence of a large organ, which stands in the centre, and makes it impossible to distribute the performers, vocal and instrumental, in such a manner as to render them simultaneously amenable to the conductor's time-stick—a grave inconvenience, for which there is no remedy but the removal of the obstructing instrument.

The programme of the concert last night was very good, though it did not contain any special novelty. It was, nevertheless, well drawn up, with a view to contrast and variety, and was creditable to Mr. Amott, the conductor. The overture to *Der Freischütz*—mystic, wild, and passionate, an epitome of the genius of its composer—was played with great spirit, and

made an excellent inauguration. Mr. Willey was the *chef d'attaque* (principal violin), Mr. Blagrove holding that post at the sacred performances in the cathedral. The time of both movements was correct, and we did not observe the "*rallentando*" in the *coda*—a recent innovation. The charming little duet from Macfarren's *Don Quixote* ("Canst thou forgive?"), well sung by Mr. and Mrs. Loekey, was succeeded by the *finale* of the *Sonnambula*, in which Madame Castellan obtained her accustomed success. A song from Edward Loder's almost unknown opera of *Robin Goodfellow* ("Sing me then"), introduced by Mr. Weiss, must have raised a desire in all who listened to it to know more from the same source. Mr. Blagrove, a popular favourite at the meetings of the three choirs, performed a *fantasia* on the violin by Vieuxtemps. It is unnecessary to enter into the merits of this gentleman's execution. He has long preserved his station in the foremost rank of English players: and he maintained his reputation on the present occasion by his able performance of one of the most difficult solos of the renowned Belgian violinist. The solo was followed by the quaint air of Rossi, "Ah rendimi" (composed in 1686, which was sung to perfection by Miss Dolby, who was the first to rescue it from unmerited oblivion. An interesting selection from Rossini's *Donna del Lago* came next—including the trio, "Quanto a quest'alma," the tenor solo, "Quest' amplesso," and the fine quintet and chorus, "Crudele sospetto." The singers were Madame Clara Novello, Madame Castellan, Miss Dolby, Signors Gardoni and Tagliafico. The execution was beyond reproach. The bold and characteristic air of Mephistopheles, from Spohr's *Faust*—which Lablache used to sing so often and so well at the Philharmonic and elsewhere—was intrusted to Herr Formes. The Italian version of *Faust*, produced at the Royal Italian Opera, gave the German bass an opportunity of appearing before English audiences in a character to which in his own country he owed much of his fame; and, under the new title of "Sottometti," the only air which Spohr has allotted to Mephistopheles, will be remembered as one of the most successful efforts of Herr Formes. He sang it last night with immense fire, and made a deep impression. The first part concluded with the *finale* from *Lorely*; and the fact that it was the nearest approach to the realization of Mendelssohn's poetical conception which has yet been heard in England, was enough to confer distinction on this concert. Madame Novello (who originally introduced the fragment at the Birmingham festival last year) was the representative of the unhappy Leonora. We can only make one exception to her performance. The *agitato* passage in F sharp minor, where Leonora so pathetically bewails her fate, was not marked by that passionate expression which is indispensable to its effect, and fell cold upon the ear. The rest was magnificent. A voice more powerful, ringing, clear, and musical, never gave utterance to musical sounds. As a fire that cannot be quenched, it made itself evident amid the tumult and agitation of the spirit-choruses; and, while they progressed in wildness and impetuosity, it seemed to gather intensity and force. The climax, when Leonora, eager for revenge, accepts the proffered aid, and wildly abandons herself to fate and to the mysterious spirit of the Rhine, was a specimen of dramatic singing worthy of all praise. The choruses throughout were admirably performed; and the orchestral accompaniments wanted nothing but that attention to the contrasts of *forte* and *piano*, which would appear so difficult of accomplishment, to be irreproachable. The loudest applause followed the conclusion; and there was reason to hope, from this latest attempt, that we may yet hear *Lorely* with the perfection so much desired, but hitherto unattained.



The second part commenced gaily, with a rattling performance of Herold's overture to *Zampa*, which was followed by an extremely graceful ballad, "Ne'er think," the composition of Mrs. A. Beckett, and sung with great sweetness by Mrs. Lockey. Signor Tagliafico then gave one of his popular *buffo* airs with such vivacity and *entrain* that it was redemanded; the singer, however, modestly declined the compliment, and retired. The trio for three *soprano* voices, "Vorrei parlar," the most original and essentially dramatic *morceau* in Balfe's Italian opera *Falstaff*, was allotted to Madame Clara Novello, Madame Castellan, and Mrs. Weiss; the three ladies all sang well, the *ensemble* was excellent, and a sensible effect produced. The ballad, "O give me back" (from another English opera—J. L. Hatton's *Pascal Bruno*, played at Vienna, but never in London) was cleverly sung by Lockey; and Madame Novello displayed her usual vocal facility in "Bel raggio." We have rarely heard Beethoven's exquisite "Adelaide" given in a more thoroughly graceful and artistic manner than by Signor Gardoni, to whose voice it is especially suited. He was well accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. Done. The jovial song of the gardener, from Mozart's *Seraglio* ("Ha wie will ich") again exhibited Formes in his true element. He was encored; and, as the demand was unanimous, he was obliged to accede. This was the only piece repeated in the concert. Anticipations of the ball to follow kept the audience quiet, and made them chary of "encores"—a reserve by no means to be deplored, since for the most part the system of encoring is little better than a nuisance. The quartet and *finale*, "Mi manca la voce" (*Mosé in Egitto*), solo parts by Madame Castellan, Mrs. Weiss, Mr. Lockey, Signoris Gardoni and Tagliafico, and Herr Formes, was generally welcome; and the brilliant and picturesque overture to *Masaniello*, extremely well played by the band, brought the concert to a close with spirit. The attraction of the programme was enhanced by its comparatively moderate length, and by the judicious manner in which the various *morceaux* were suited to the individual capacities of the singers. After the concert the benches were speedily cleared away, the ball was opened, and dancing was kept up with infinite spirit until about 3 o'clock. There were between 200 and 300 thus assiduously and pleasantly engaged; and the show of beauty did not disparage the reputation enjoyed by the three counties in that interesting department.

This morning, full service was performed in the cathedral by the members of the three choirs at 8 o'clock, as had been announced. The admission was gratis, and the congregation was very large. Mr. Townshend Smith officiated at the organ, and the Rev. Mr. Luscombe intoned the prayers. The entrance was by the cloisters, and the service took place in the choir. The musical part comprised a chant for the "Venite," the Responses and Litany of Tallis; a chant for the Psalms, adapted from Spohr; the "Te Deum" and "Jubilate" in D of Rogers; and Croft's anthem, "Cry aloud." The institution of early morning services on the festival days has given much satisfaction, and has removed the scruples of a vast number of persons who were hostile to the musical performances in the cathedral, on the ground that they interfered with the legitimate object of the sacred edifice, that of Divine worship, overlooking the important fact that the attendance at service on week-days has always been exceedingly thin. From another point of view the assembly this morning must have been regarded with interest, as presenting the exact counterpart of what the meetings of the choirs of Gloucester, Hereford and Worcester must have been a century ago, when they were first instituted, before the charity became the principal incident, and previous to their assuming the proportions of

festivals on a grand scale, through the engagement of solo singers, and large bands and choruses from the metropolis, and from other parts of the kingdom. The contrast between that distant period and the present, when the 130th anniversary is proceeding, suggests no little matter for reflection. A passing allusion to the cloisters of Gloucester may not be out of place here. Probably there is nothing in England more beautiful in its kind. The architecture is purely Gothic; the sides and roof are gorgeously and elaborately embellished, and the windows profuse of mullions and the most elegant tracery. A forest avenue in stone is the most appropriate simile for this exquisite structure. There are 30 recesses in the south walk of the cloisters, where, if tradition may be credited, the monks copied MSS. and emblazoned them, before the invention of printing. More recently the cloisters were otherwise inhabited. When Cromwell marched to Gloucester he turned them into stables for his horses! But the great Puritan had no reverence for cathedrals, and, although in this respect a Goth, cared little for the "Gothic."

To-day, the oratorio of *Elijah* brought upwards of 20,000 persons to the cathedral. The weather continuing fine lent additional splendour to this imposing spectacle; and the rays of the sun, streaming inward through the richly-ornamented windows, threw a halo of glory over all. On the whole, the performance of Mendelssohn's *chef-d'œuvre* was admirable. The chorus (composed of singers from Worcester, Hereford, Norwich, and Liverpool, who came to strengthen the already efficient body of Gloucesterians) did their duty bravely; the pagan rites of Baal, and the solemn pæans of the faithful, the despairing supplications of the Jews, afflicted with the curse of drought, and the burst of exultation, when, in the tremendous chorus, "Thanks be to God," they pour forth their rapturous gratitude to Heaven for the blessing of rain, were equally well expressed. The band was unexceptionable, and the overture was given with the utmost vigour and precision. Madame Castellan and Madame Clara Novello divided the *soprano* solos, Miss Dolby and Mrs. Lockey the *contralto*. In the first part the tenor music was allotted to Signor Gardoni; in the second to Mr. Lockey. Herr Formes sang the entire music of the Prophet, to which his magnificent bass voice and energetic style are so perfectly adapted. Both Madame Castellan and Signor Gardoni were admired for the distinct and articulate manner in which they pronounced the English text. In the air of Obadiah, "Ye people, rend your hearts," which he sang remarkably well, it would have been impossible to recognise in Signor Gardoni a foreigner unused to the language. The good "points" in the performance were so many that we can only allude to some of them. The double quartet, in which Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, Messrs. Hunt and Wilton (of Worcester and Gloucester), took part, went very smoothly. The scene where Elijah taunts the Baalite priests, and by the miracle of the sacrifice asserts the supremacy of the true God, was superbly declaimed by Formes, who, when the Prophet is worn down with care and anxious for death, in the touching air, "It is enough," showed himself equally a master of pathos. Madame Novello gave the grand air, "Hear ye, Israel," in first-rate style; and Miss Dolby charmed every one by the devotional expression of her "O rest in the Lord." In the recitatives of the first part, and in the plaintive air, "Woe unto them," Mrs. Lockey highly distinguished herself; and in the second and perhaps most beautiful air for the tenor, "Then shall the righteous," Mr. Lockey (the original tenor when the oratorio was first produced under Mendelssohn's direction, at the Birmingham Festival in 1846) gave the greatest satisfaction. Without entering further into details about the performance, however, we must conclude by reiterating our general verdict

of approval. It was in all respects creditable to the meeting, to Mr. Amott the conductor, and, indeed, to every one concerned.

Among the audience to-day were remarked the following:—The Earl and Countess of Suffolk, Lady Isabella Howard, the Hon. Mrs. Howard, Sir C. W. Codrington, M.P., Lady Rolle, the Hon. Captain Devereux, Lady and Miss Brinckman, the Hon. Miss Campbell, the Lord Bishop of the diocese, Mrs. and Misses Monk, Sir John Wright Guise, Bart., Miss Webb, Miss Agnes Strickland, Sir Martin Crawley Boevey, Sir M. Hicks Beach and family, Mrs. John Arkwright, the Misses Arkwright, and Mr. John Arkwright, Mr. R. B. Hale, M.P., Mrs. and Miss Hale, Mrs. and the Misses Onslow, Mrs. Fullerton, Captain Nigel Kingscote, M.P., the Hon. Mr. Bathurst, Mr. Newman, the Rev. Sir John Seymour, Bart., Archdeacon Thorpe, Mr. W. P. Price, M.P., Mr. R. Potter and Mrs. Potter, Rev. F. T. Bayly, Mr. and Miss Lacy, Rev. Canon Hutchinson, Mr. R. Pavin Davies, Mrs. Davies, Mrs. Howell, Rev. A. C. Saunders, Rev. Dr. Evans and Mrs. T. Evans, Rev. B. S. Claxson, D.D., and Mrs. Claxson, Mr. T. Gambier Parry, Mrs. Morris, Mrs. J. Scott, Miss Mutlow, the Rev. W. J. Coplestone, the Rev. H. A. S. Atwood, Mr. J. Ford Sevier, the Mayor of Gloucester, Mr. Thomas Turner, Mr. Waddingham, the Rev. L. B. Clutterbuck, and the Rev. H. B. Evans.

To-night the second concert takes place at the Shire-hall. The collection for the charity at the doors of the cathedral to-day amounted to £207 18s. 7d.

(To be continued in our next.)

#### THE ORGAN.

We are always indebted to our correspondents for anything they may give us on the subject of the organ. Anything, discursive or otherwise—whether about organs as they have been made, or organs as they should be made—criticisms on the past or present and plans for the future if they will,—anything and everything, in short, tending to promote a more general understanding of the “king of instruments” and its capabilities, will always find welcome space in our journal. Nevertheless, our correspondents must not take it amiss, if, perchance, we should not fall in with their particular likes and dislikes,—must not rate us beyond the bounds of logic if we sometimes quarrel with their notions; and, above all, must not forswear pens, ink, and paper, in our behoof, if we decline to swerve an inch from our advocacy of a great ideal excellence, which years of labour are, perhaps, yet required to realize, but which we ought, nevertheless, to do our best to approach. We have but one course to pursue, one principle to advocate; and if some of our friends fancy themselves a little damaged at first, why, patience, say we—they will find we are right at last, and thank us accordingly. The truth is that, in spite of all the talk about the matter,—in spite of all the reputations of all kinds from dwarf to giant, that are and have been concerned in it, we are convinced there is very little practical information among the mass of organists in this country as to the structure of their instruments, or the secret of the success or failure of its effect. They paramourly ought to possess this knowledge, for to them, in nineteenth-century out of twenty, is committed the charge of preparing designs to which the organ-builder must work; and furthermore, they are paid for it. They are, so to speak, the architects of the instrument. They take the architect's place, and they take the architect's fees; but then, unfortunately, they do not possess his knowledge—witness the extraordinary perpetrations of the last thirty years. Witness the heaps of utter common-place repeated for ever in church and chapel, without thought or scruple, where every

attempt at novelty and progress, however trifling, would have been valuable, if but for experiment's sake. Witness some of the huge monstrosities concocted by the wisdom of doctors, learned professors, and *chevaliers*, without end, only to be altered in after-years at great cost, and left at last imperfect. And witness, finally, the many excellent suggestions and attempts that have been sneered at, and the prejudice that exists to this day against some of those fundamental principles of organ-structure recognised as vital to the instrument over the whole continent of Europe.

To turn specially to the matter in hand, we have to thank our correspondent for the account he sent us two weeks since of Mr. Banfield's organ for St. Paul's Church, Liverpool. It may seem, doubtless, ungracious, but we must nevertheless begin our grumbling at once. We are not nearly so satisfied with the scheme of this organ as our correspondent appears to be. It has an old-fashioned cut throughout. Except the large pedal organ, and the comparatively unimportant *Viol de Gamba* and *Wald flute* of the choir, it might have come bodily out of the workshop of Byfield or Greene. We are told this organ is “replete with all the modern inventions of the art, added to which, many important improvements, originated by Mr. Banfield himself, have been introduced.” All this may be so, but assuredly is not visible in the scheme, where, we should think, some of these modern inventions and important improvements would surely find place. We must object to the Great Organ that it has no 16-feet register; an omission as fatal to breadth of tone as it is inconsistent with the claim to “modern inventions,”—unless indeed, purposed as a matter of taste, which we are bound equally to condemn. The rest is the old affair—two diapasons, principal, fifteenth, and so on. The choir is sufficient, according to prevailing English notions, though, as we shall take occasion to show in a future paper, these treat this important part of the organ very shabbily; and the swell, though of average dimensions, contains no element of novelty or grandeur, and is, moreover, deficient in sundry delicacies which might fittingly have been introduced in an instrument of such pretension. The pedal organ is undoubtedly large—disproportionately so, indeed, to the rest of the instrument. If voiced as a pedal organ should be, it will be more likely to crush, than assist the effect of a Great Organ which can only be considered of the light old fashioned school. Among the couplers, the only attempts at novelty we find are, firstly, the “Swell to Great Sub. Octave,” which, without its attendant Super. octave coupler, can be but unsatisfactory and lop-sided in effect; and secondly, the “Pedal Octave,” which, with the existing weight of the pedal organ, must be wholly unnecessary. Our correspondent has told us a great deal about the glass doors, and the draw-stops with their mother-of-pearl facings, and such like knick-knacks, but has omitted to furnish the compass of any of the manual or pedal claviers, as well as other points of practical importance.

That this organ may be Mr. Banfield's *chef-d'œuvre* we do not doubt; but he should not on that account suffer himself to be deceived by the praise of his friends or the puffs of provincial papers. We have heard some of his late works, and give him good and sound advice. Like all the provincial builders—and, by the way, most of the Londoners—he has much, very much, to learn. To make a sound-board that does not “run,” bellows that “stand” well, finger-movements that do not incline to a more than ordinary amount of sticking, and pipes that speak when required, is within a very ordinary amount of handicraft, and by no means constitutes the structure of a fine organ. Into this enter art, taste, skill, and experience of a high order,—a collection of faculties, inventive, appreciative, and practical, that we rarely find united. The bane of all pro-



vincial organ-builders we know is self-sufficiency, and a determination to be at as little trouble as possible to learn anything from the works of their betters. These unfortunate qualities, however, are not confined to the provinces. With shame we record the opinions of two London builders, enjoying much celebrity, as to the lovely organ of the *Madeleine* at Paris. They went purposely to see and hear this, beyond doubt the most beautiful thing of the kind in the world, and—alas, for taste!—one pronounced it “altogether beastly,” and the other, “a big brass band and nothing more.”

We were about to ask, what can be said of such people? The best plan, probably, is to leave the task of speaking of them to their works.

### Dramatic.

**ASTLEY'S.**—*Phaeton* is not precisely a new introduction to the stage. One has read of him in very old extravaganzas—Fielding's among others—and one has seen him in modern burlesques, his *avatar* being chiefly in the form of some pretty young actress, remarkable for an unlimited display of flippancy and fleshings. Some twenty years ago we remember seeing the story very smartly treated—we think in a piece by one of the worthiest of our present police magistrates—in which the hero's paternity was proved by the production of an order upon his reputed papa for the hebdomadal half-crown—on which, if our memory serves us, Apollo observed:

“I wonder that they did not thicker lay it on—  
So cheaply now one cannot keep a Phaeton.”

And when the time came for Jupiter to demolish the chariot-tying incendiary, Zeus magnificently exclaimed:

“Now, all ye clouds, expend each watery spout,  
Ye thunders, roar; ye lightnings, come, fork out!”

But Mr. Suter (of the Lyceum), the author of the new “spectacular extravaganza,” for the equestrian theatre, if he has not selected a new hero, has treated him in a new manner, which is as much as can be expected, and more than is often witnessed in these imitative days. Among other variations from modern usage, he has restored to Phaeton his original sex, and the reins of the chariot of the Sun are no longer entrusted to the white hands of the principal singing lady, but are clutched in the vigorous gripe of Mr. Alfred Cooke, the distinguished “trainer of horses.”

The Astley's novelty is called, *Jupiter's Decree, and the Fall of Phaeton; or the Four Fiery Coursers of the Sun.* We had thought of trying to give some idea of its story, but a declaration made by a lady who sat in the next box, and obviously a regular patroness of the establishment, keeps recurring to our mind. At the close of the long first act she frankly avowed, that “So far, she could not make neither heads nor tails of the story.” It is hardly for an occasional visitor to pretend to more acuteness. We only know that there was a scene in Olympus; that the gods comported themselves as the stage gods invariably do; that we came to a dreadful affray with a giant, in which Mr. Craddock—we mean Hercules—was victor; that there followed some dashing dancing; that there came on a real stag, to be hunted by Diana and her nymphs; and that there afterwards came the grand crash, which, in the old burlesque already quoted, was introduced something in this fashion:—

*Jove.* Pardon me, Phoebus, if I kill your son,

I hope you're satisfied it must be done.

*Apollo.* Your Majesty would not be safe without it,

Therefore don't say another word about it.

Well, Phaeton was smitten down to earth, and the act ended.

When the second act began, he and his chariot and horses were lying in a confused heap, and his handsome appearance speedily excited the compassion of the dwellers on the banks of the Po. He is found to be only stunned, and one young lady of an expansive heart, proposes to ask him home to tea: a comic author would probably call such an introduction of drink an Anacreonism. One of his horses proves to be no more hurt than himself, and the impetuous Phaeton springs upon the largely-hollowed back of the white steed and gallops off. He speedily appears at the door of Astley's Amphitheatre, and driving a real Hansom cab. The author here, of course, avails himself of a popular topic with much advantage, and a good deal of fun being expended upon the subject of cab charges, packages, chaff, and so on, Phaeton is commanded by his indignant fare to drive off to Mr. Henry, and so he dashes off at speed, flogging the outrageous passenger, and to the exceeding delight of the spectators. Now, it should have been observed, if arrangement of detail signified, that most of the other gods had come on earth, and especially Mars, who enlists in the army. This very naturally introduces the subject of the Camp at Chobham. Of this we have two views, one of a domestic character, in which the sufferings of the officers from cold and wet, so piteously portrayed by John Leech, are shown in action—and the rain, and sneezing, and cruel edify the house. Next, mimic war assumes a brighter form, and the whole forces of Astley's, cavalry and infantry, are called out as Life Guards, Highlanders, and field officers, and a series of dashing charges and effective evolutions are gone through, which quite arouse the warlike sympathies of the Amphi-theatricals, and are as loudly applauded as they deserve to be. Finally, the gods, each of whom has been getting into his own private scrape, begin to think they had better go home to their celestial residence and Jupiter's gracious assent being signified through a heavenly speaking-trumpet, the scene draws and a splendid mythological tableau is visible, which, its glitter brought out by coloured fire, closes the piece. We do not affect, any more than the fair critic who has been quoted, to make neither heads nor tails of the story, but the above will give a sort of idea of it, and we must add, that there are other comic characters introduced—as a policeman, who is mercilessly insulted—an old tradesman in a brown suit, who gets under an umbrella to be out of the way of a charge of Highlanders, and is nevertheless overthrown—his wife and daughter, who are exposed to the amatory attentions of the deities—with sundry other individuals, who, if rather conventional, are always amusing. The piece has been got up with all the care and outlay which Mr. Cooke bestows upon his productions; and, from its general merit, and the adroitness with which topics of the day are handled, it will, we imagine, be a valuable card. The Chobham Camp, especially, is a very effective feature, and one which the resources of this theatre enable the manager to develop with much advantage.

The author of the piece, Mr. Suter, sustained a part in it—that of Momus—in which he had to say a good many telling things, whose sarcasm was not impaired by any enfeebling attention to the construction of the verse in which the piece is written. He has shown much tact in the way he has taken measure of the Astleian audience, as well as of the Astleian actors, bipeds and quadrupeds. A pupil in the establishment of Mr. Charles Mathews, Mr. Suter showed himself worthy of his training; and in the second act, the cool way in which he exhibited empty pockets, apparently rather pluming himself upon them, was a little bit worthy of the Lyceum itself.

He was called on at the close, as was almost every two-legged performer engaged; and Mr. Suter took the opportunity, when announcing the piece for repetition, of apologising for the absence of certain scenic effects, with which the illness of an official had interfered, but which he promised should all be duly given on the next representation. The applause of the audience, however, did not indicate that they missed anything, and the success was complete.

Were there nothing else to see at Astley's than the brilliant exploits of little Emily Cooke, they would repay a visit to that theatre. One has witnessed hosts of feats by children and adults; but here are the most surprising achievements performed with an ease and a grace which we have not seen equalled. The attitudes of the child are exceeding elegant, and the fairy-like lightness which she displays inspiring in rapid succession through the sixteen "balloons," half forwards the other half backwards, is quite marvellous. One of the affable, yet dignified gentlemen in the ring, apprised the clown, whose thirst for information is praiseworthy, that Emily had studied her art but four years out of the seven it required; but the little girl is already the most finished equestrian artist we know. We may add that just now there is some remarkably good ring business here—a Spanish girl goes through her scene with much fire and boldness, and there is a capital boy rider, named Godolphin. The *Battle of Waterloo* is an admirable substitute for the old farces which used to conclude an Astley evening.

**STRAND.**—When we took leave of Mr. Allcroft, last week, it was with little expectation of renewing our critical acquaintance with him in our very next number—so, however, it is. This gentleman re-opened his little establishment last Monday, for a vaude-de-ville dramatic season. The star of the establishment is Miss Marshall, an actress somewhat in the style of Madame Vestris. Miss Marshall possesses a sparkling vein of natural humour, although we must caution her against a habit she has lately acquired of careless and hasty articulation. She has also some talent at serious acting. Try her in that line, Mr. Allcroft. If our memory does not much deceive us, she will amply repay the cost.

**SURREY.**—Wallace's opera, *Maritana*, has been played during the week. Miss R. Isaacs (late of the Strand)—the Cynthia of dramatic luminaries, who has as many phases, and shines as brightly, as the moon—was the Gitana, and played and sang with her usual correct and graceful expression. The encores were numerous, and pretty equally divided among the chiefs. Miss Romer takes her benefit this evening. We hope her friends will give her a bumper.

### Original Correspondence.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sept. 8, 1853.

SIR,—As a constant reader of your excellent periodical, I feel much pleasure in offering such observations as occur to me on the subject to which "A Lover of the English Musical Service" referred in his letter of Aug. 31, and I will take the subjects in the same order in which he introduced them.

The readers of the *Musical World* need scarcely be reminded that the chief distinctions between the Anglican and the Gregorian Chants consist in the Anglican being written *in time*, and intended to be sung *in time*, except when the syllables are sufficiently numerous to require a deviation therefrom, the occasion for such latitude always being self-evident;—while the Gregorian Chants were written in no particular time, and were prepared by Pope Gregory *without harmony*.

From earliest infancy, children are made familiar with musical rhythm. When sung off to sleep, the nursery rhyme is accompanied by a gentle rocking, corresponding with the strong and weak beats of the homely strain. A few years later and, if in a humble sphere of life, they may be seen in the streets, giving evidence of the influence which *time* has on their movements, by merrily prancing together in groups to the distinctly-accented sounds of the itinerant organ. Or, if their lot is cast in a higher station in society, they will be observed moving in the more graceful figures of the quadrille, with the greatest unanimity, under the guidance of that same all-influencing element—*time*.

Children of all conditions, then, having from the first dawn of consciousness, exhibited great readiness in detecting, and evident pleasure in responding to musical rhythm, yet there are those who would wish both them and their seniors in years to infer that, when they meet together in the only place where all are on an equality—where alone it is the privilege and the right of the "low" to mingle their voices with those of the "high," and unite their holy aspirations with those of the "rich"—that on those occasions a greater precision of utterance will be attained if they select, as a medium, such chants as are destitute of the very element—the *only* element—which experience has shown to be the one the most likely to keep them together, namely, *time*.

Now this seems to be exceedingly inconsistent; but before making any decision suppose we draw a few parallels.

Bars were introduced into music to divide its periods into phrases, and its phrases into measures.

Minute and second hands were added to watches to divide the hours into minutes, and the minutes into seconds.

The carpenter's rule has had certain transverse lines marked on it, to divide the feet into inches, and the inches into aliquot parts.

All these additions have been made for *analogous purposes*, namely, to secure accuracy.

Now, supposing a clergyman to be desirous that the members of his congregation should be punctual in their attendance at church, he would not, I think, say that this consummation would be *facilitated* by their providing themselves with watches without either second or minute hands. Or if his church required refitting, he would probably be one of the very last to endeavour to persuade the several workmen that the result of their labour would correspond more accurately if they would, while engaged in their work, free themselves from the "shackles" of the foot-rule! Then why aver that the members of a congregation will sing better together if they attempt music that is free from the "shackles" of bars?

If the question be put to any performing member of the Sacred Harmonic Society, which choruses in the *Elijah* took the longest time in getting perfect, he will immediately say the recitative choruses. Inquire of any well-informed conductor, which chorus in *Israel in Egypt* is the most difficult to make go well, and he will, without hesitation, name one of the least elaborate ones, namely, "He sent a thick darkness," because it is out of time. Again, ask Mr. George Macfarren which choruses in Mendelssohn's music to *Antigone* cost him the most trouble in conducting, when they were performed in London, and he will at once instance the *out-of-time* choruses.

Our most accomplished conductors, most intelligent amateurs, properly informed organists and choristers, then, are unanimous in their opinion as to how important an element *time* is, even in the simplest music, and to its being more particularly so where numbers have to sing together.

Your correspondent witnessed a perfect performance where time was permitted to be recognised in the chant. In reply to his first direct inquiry, I beg to say, I have only heard of *one* instance where Gregorian chants were sung by many voices successfully, namely, at the consecration of St. Barnabas, Pimlico; and, as a proof how much more difficult those chants are to sing, it should be mentioned, that they could only be "made to go" after repeated rehearsals. On the subject of your correspondent's other inquiries, I will speak next week, if you will grant me space.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

H.K.S.

## MUSIC IN BIRMINGHAM.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

The Concert last night week—given by "The Birmingham Festival Choral Society"—brought their seventh season to a close. The principal artistes, were—Madame Castellan, Mrs. Paget, (late Miss Clarke of the Royal Academy,) Madlle. Bellini, Signor Gardoni, Mr. Paget, and Signor Tagliafico. The first part of the programme was entirely sacred. The second ditto, entirely secular.

The first part, entirely sacred, opened with Handel's *Ether* overture, *capitally executed* in the well-known style of our Birmingham Orchestras. Still, it is a convenient piece for the resources of "The Birmingham Festival Choral Society's" Orchestra, made up as it is, with few exceptions, *for the occasion*, and consisting of men who rarely if ever draw a bow together more than once or twice in a year! Therefore, let that pass! The second item in the "bill of fare," was Mr. Costa's celebrated "Baptismal Anthem," well known to some of the members of "The Birmingham Festival Choral Society," from its performance in one of our parish churches, some time ago, to commemorate the baptism of a young olive branch, the property of "The Musical Festival Orchestral Committee." It was a memorable occasion, still living in the memories of those members of "The Birmingham Festival Choral Society," who aided in the ceremony! Of course this anthem was inserted in the programme out of respect to Mr. Costa, but, good as it is in its way, I should respectfully recommend its being used, as I presume Mr. Costa intended it should be, at baptisms only! This was followed by a short selection from Mendelssohn's "*Elijah*," consisting of the divine aria—"Then shall the righteous shine"—sung by Signor Gardoni. The quartett—"O come, every one that thirsteth," and succeeding chorus. Madlle. Bellini next sang the "*Fac ut portem*," from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. Then came Mozart's heavenly "*Benedictus*," from the Requiem, well sung by Madame Castellan, Mrs. Paget, Signori Gardoni and Tagliafico. Mr. Costa's "*Date Sonitum*," well rendered by Signor Tagliafico, was more acceptable than the Baptismal Anthem. The first part concluded with a selection from Haydn's *Creation*, Madame Castellan singing, "With verdure clad," charmingly; Signor Gardoni singing, "In splendour bright," *without the recitative*!

After an interval of fifteen minutes, the second part, entirely secular, opened with a *capital execution* of Palestrina's fine old Madrigal, "When flow'ry meadows"—followed by an excellent rendering of *Masini's Romance*—"Le Muletier," by Signor Tagliafico. It was honoured with an encore, when the Signor gave a very spirited interpretation of the never-dying "*Largo al factotum*," in which he was admirably supported by Mr. Mori, at the pianoforte. "The Birmingham Festival Choral Society's" Orchestra literally standing still, doing nothing at all the while. Madame Castellan and Signor Gardoni next obliged us with Donizetti's duo, "*Un tenero core*," it was well sung, and met with applause. Madlle. Bellini then followed with another Italian offering by Gordigliani, somewhat tamely sung. Frank Mori's admirable scena from "*Fridolin*," found an able interpreter in Signor Gardoni, and was enthusiastically encored, when a pleasing *bagatelle* of Blumenthal's was substituted. This was followed by another *capital execution* by the members of "the Birmingham Festival Choral Society," of Ward's madrigal, "*Die not fond man*," without exception the most lamentable specimen of part singing and cruel torture I ever listened to; yet even this found two or three enthusiastic hands, in an attempt to applaud, but, happily for the credit of the town, the enthusiasm was nipped in the bud. Beethoven's grand trio, from *Fidelio*, so thrilling from its situation in the opera, to say nothing of the music, interpreted by Madlle. Bellini, Signori Gardoni and Tagliafico, met with considerable disapprobation, as it was set down to be sung in English, but the artistes naturally preferred singing it in Italian, while the audience as naturally would have preferred hearing it in their own vulgar vernacular.

Mrs. Paget was next warmly received, and enthusiastically encored in Linley's ballad of "*Constance*," which, in spite of a little perceptible nervousness, so excusable on a first appearance in public, she sang very chastely, though just a trifle too quietly, to my thinking. It affords me, nevertheless, much gratification to

record this lady's complete success, and I hope, ere long, she will hold a more prominent position at our Birmingham concerts. Her voice is very pure, and style of singing good; eventually she will, no doubt, become a great acquisition to our concert givers. I must not omit a word of praise for Mr. Paget, who showed, by the little he had to do, that he was capable of much more. I regret that he had so little to do on his first appearance amongst us, as it places a *débutant* in a false position with the public, sometimes to have his chances of success limited. Madame Castellan's interpretation of the "*Polacca*" from *Linda*, was exquisite, and received a tremendous encore, as it deserved. I never heard this charming artiste in better voice, or to greater advantage; she sang deliciously the whole evening, her voice giving no signs—except good signs—of the arduous operatic duties of the last season which fell to her lot. Donizetti's everlasting serenade, "*Com' e gentil*," was next rendered by Signor Gardoni, the accompanying chorus being most "*capitally executed*" by the members of "the Birmingham Festival Choral Society." Poor Gardoni seemed in an anguish of despair. Frank Mori in vain showed the unruly *corps* his stick, and Mr. Stimpson, the organist and chorus master, Secretary, &c., of "the Birmingham Festival Choral Society," in vain thumped upon the piano, in the fond hope of keeping the members of "the Birmingham Festival Choral Society" on their legs! Of all the *capital executions* of the night, this was the most execrable! It was truly barbarous!! *Why was there no rehearsal?* I suppose the members of "the Birmingham Festival Choral Society" thought it unnecessary. Carulli's quartet, "*Bon soir*," and the "*National Anthem*," brought the concert to a close. It being now past time, and I find it impossible to complete my letter as I had intended, till next week then it must remain.

Believe me, my dear Sir, very truly,  
YOUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Having seen this day quite by chance a little pamphlet, entitled "The Harp," in which my name has been mentioned, I beg of you the favour to permit me to declare through the medium of your valuable paper, that I had nothing whatever to do with the issue of the above-mentioned pamphlet, and consequently that it has been published without my knowledge.

I beg to remain, dear Sir, yours very truly,  
CHARLES OBERTHUR.  
Harpist to H.R.H. the Duchess of Nassau.  
87, Wilton Street, Dorset Square, 13th Sept., 1853.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Leeds, 12th Sept., 1853.

SIR,—On reading your remarks on the Bradford Festival, I find you have fallen into a similar mistake to the *Times*. You say the "Madrigal, Notes, and Choral Societies" of Leeds. There are but two societies in the town. The number of singers from Leeds were, I believe, thirty-six—twenty-six of whom were members of the Choral Society, four members of no musical society, leaving six for the Madrigal and Notes Society. There are about six of the members of the Choral Society generally assist the Madrigalians at their performances; for, being principally amateurs, they would not be able to go through anything without them, though they never attempt anything more than a few glees and such things. That the Madrigal and Notes members were not considered available for the Bradford Festival, will easily be believed, when out of a list of somewhere about seventy forwarded, only the few above-named were selected, whilst with the exception of three or four basses, the whole of the list sent by the Choral Society were engaged. There were no trebles engaged from the Choral Society,—being boys, to which Mr. Costa objected.

I have written this for your information, because I think a musical publication ought to be as correct in musical matters as possible. You can either publish it or not, as you think proper.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,  
T. WOMACK, Hon. Sec.,  
Leeds Choral Society.



## Reviews of Music.

"THE VILLAGE QUADRILLES."—"THE TRENTHAM QUADRILLES."  
By George Simpson: D'Almaine and Co.

The first of these dances is inscribed to the young ladies of the Misses Ratcliff's Establishment, Betley, Staffordshire, and are well adapted for them, being easily written and pleasing. A want of variety is their only fault.

"The Trentham Quadrilles" are more ambitious. They were written on the occasion of the Marquis of Stafford attaining his majority—December 19th, 1849—and dedicated, by permission, to the Duchess of Sutherland. The first figure bears a strong resemblance to one in Henri Herz's celebrated Quadrille, "Les Eleganst," which will be at once recognised. Nor is number two perfectly original. If we mistake not, its prototype will be found in number two of the "Post Quadrille." The set, however, is an excellent one, and worth the dancing and the purchase.

"THE DEW-DROP"—Song—The words by M. S.—Music by T. M. Mudie. R. Mills.

Here we have the words of a real poetic cast—a rare thing to meet with now-a-days, decently written words, in any two consecutive songs. We should like to make the acquaintance—on paper—of M. S. But why conceal his or her name? It would seem to be the fashion at present to make a secret of the authorship of anything really good in poetry, as though it were small honour to write yourself "poet"; while, on the other hand, every puny rhymster manfully puts his autograph to verses that would absolutely do discredit to a Harrow or Winchester boy of the fourth form. Our rhyming age is paradoxical.

Mr. Mudie has presented us with a most graceful and genuinely expressive ballad. It is soft and quiet as a dove, and simple withal, as such a song need to be. The accompaniments are very easy, but highly attractive, and indicate the felicity and tact of the accomplished musician's pen. With an eye to business, Mr. Mudie has set his song so as to bring it within compass of ordinary voices. Here is a recommendation. The "Dew-drop," if heard, cannot fail to become popular.

"A PLACE IN THY MEMORY, DEAREST." Words by the late GERALD GRIFFIN. Music by J. F. Leeson. Dedicated to his friend Silas Wood. Hime and Addison, Manchester; Hime and Son, Liverpool; Addison and Hollier, London.

Gerald Griffin's is a great name, and his poetry is full of sweetness and grace. The lines in the above song are taken, if we mistake not, from "The Collegians," one of the most exciting and graphic of Irish novels. They have been set before by some ballad composer, whose name we cannot at this moment recall, and with good effect, as "A Place in thy Memory Dearest," became a well-liked and sought after ballad. It is a pity Mr. J. F. Leeson did not choose words previously unused.

The music is pleasing and grateful; but the resemblance in the opening bars to the trio, "O nume benefico," from Rossini's *Gazza Ladra*, is too evident. This, however, may have been purely accidental.

The song altogether may be recommended, as being well written, vocal, and very attractive.

## Provincial.

BRIGHTON.—(From our own Correspondent.)—The indefatigable Mr. Frederick Wright gave a second morning concert at the Pavilion Music Room, on Monday last, the attendance at which was fashionable rather than numerous. The usual liberality of the *entrepreneur* was manifest upon the occasion, and the selection of music was not only good in quality, but artists of fame and ability were engaged to give the *réunion prestige* and interest. The instrumental star of the *matinée* was Miss Arabella Goddard. This young lady, one of the most accomplished pianists in the world, played some four or five years ago at the Newburgh Rooms, when the talent which so eminently distinguishes her was beginning to unfold itself; consequently her visit to Brighton was not that of a stranger. To descant now upon the merits of this gifted artist would be superfluous. Her triumphs last year at the concerts of

the Quintet Association, of the New Philharmonic Society, and elsewhere, have crowned her name with no ordinary amount of professional glory, and provincial appreciation would follow as a matter of course. The music which she chose for performance on Monday was calculated to place her ability in a variety of interesting lights, and confirm those eulogies with which metropolitan criticism, when "Arabella Goddard" has been the topic, has abounded. Let it at once be stated that she made no appeal to a common order of taste. The variety to which we allude was the variety upon which genius has put its seal. The Thalberg studies undertaken in her earlier pupillage enabled Miss Goddard to attack and realize music of the most intricate and difficult kind, to meet any class of practical exigency, and to exhibit, in short, that ultra-discipline of finger which few attain, but which is indispensable to the formation of a great player. These preparatory exercises are now turned to their proper account. Miss Arabella Goddard, with these superb mechanical foundations, is admirably qualified to be the exponent of the higher orders of classical music—the domains of the art to which she has exclusively devoted her attention, and upon her elucidation of which her present lofty renown is mainly based. Beethoven shines in his true effulgence under her hand, for with unrivalled mechanism she unites the greatest delicacy of feeling, the keenest sympathy with the enapt poetry of the author, and the clearest perception of its force and meaning. Her delivery of the famous Sonata Appassionata, in F minor, on Monday morning, was a test of these facts, and as Miss Arabella Goddard played her best, it could not be better played. Beauty of idea and difficulty of detail here go hand in hand, but the intelligence of the mind are fully equalled by the acquirements of finger, and the young artist rose from her seat with the sincere homage of the connoisseur. Stephen Heller's fantasia "On Song's bright pinions," which she afterwards performed, was loudly encored. The designation fantasia must not be misunderstood in connection with the charming *morceau*, for it is a veritable "Lied ohne wörte," quite worthy of Mendelssohn, and replete with those ingenuities of device, those felicities of idea, which characterize the compositions of this class which emanated from the pen of the great master. The audience were ravished by the skill with which Miss Goddard developed the melody, and, at the same time, "discoursed" the arpeggio accompaniments upon which it floats with such seeming independence. In the course of the first part, the duet by Parish Alvars and Czerny, on subjects for the *Anna Bolena* and *Sonnambula*, sufficiently showy for popular tastes, and sufficiently clever to invite the good word of the initiated, was performed by Miss Goddard, in conjunction with Mr. T. H. Wright, the well-known harpist, who on this occasion maintained his credit, and provoked applause. Miss Goddard's fourth performance was with Mr. Hausmann, the violoncellist; a fine reading of Mendelssohn's exquisite sonata in D, by these two artists, terminating the concert with great *clat*. Of the remaining features of the scheme we can but briefly speak. The principal vocalist of the morning was Madame Doria, whose broad and passionate energy and bold dramatic style, were strongly proclaimed in the "Casta Diva" of Bellini, the "Ah se tu dormi" of Vaccaj, and the "Bel raggio" of Rossini, three soprano cavatinas demanding the best bravura executancy to avoid the damaging comparisons which the narrowest experience in the London concert-room would inevitably suggest. Miss Ursula Barclay was also engaged, and sang one of Molique's *Lieder*—"If o'er the boundless sky," very neatly, her most promising vocal effort being a MS. song by Mr. T. H. Wright, "Tis sweet to have a gentle flower," which suited to her voice, and possessing a pleasing melody, ensured both gratification and applause. This same young lady also sang a graceful ballad, by Mr. Henry Smart, "The old love and the new," with undeniable taste and expression. Besides Mr. T. H. Wright and Mr. Hausmann, who each had solos, in addition to the duets with Miss Arabella Goddard, the former on "National airs," and the latter on the "Elisir" of Donizetti. Mr. George Case played a pair of fantasias on the concertina, over the capabilities of which we need not now remark he has a very consummate mastery. The vocalists were accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. T. H. Wright.

PLYMOUTH.—(From our own Correspondent.)—Palgrave Simpson's drama of *Marco Spada* has made a decided hit; indeed, the

manner in which Mr. Newcombe has put it on the stage, with new and correct scenery, appointments by Bradwell of the Lyceum, and costumes in every respect as at the Princess's—where this drama was first produced—would alone entitle it to success, without the merits of the piece, which are of the highest order. The Baron di Torreda, by Mr. T. Mead, was ably acted throughout, and Mr. Newcombe as Count Pepinelli, Captain of Dragoons, was excellent; Miss E. Mills, as Andrea, displayed much pathos, and the incidental music, composed and arranged by Mr. William Reed, was highly effective. Mr. Craven and Miss Eliza Nelson appeared in a piece written by Mr. Craven called *Tic Doloreux*; they have established themselves as great favourites, and Mr. Craven is a dramatic writer of much merit. Miss Eliza Nelson sings her ballads delightfully; this lady, if possible, increases nightly in popularity, and most deservedly so, for in her particular line she is first rate, her voice is pure and of good quality, and she has the advantage of a first rate orchestra, conducted by Mr. Henry Reed.

**MANCHESTER.**—The opening meeting of the Gentlemen's Glee Club for the season was held on Thursday evening, at the Albion Hotel, Piccadilly. Owing to the unfavourableness of the weather, the room was not so well filled as on former occasions. In the absence of Mr. Barlow, the musical conductor of the club, suddenly called away to London by the death of a relative, Mr. Loder, of the Theatre Royal, officiated as accompanist. The choir mustered strong. The Misses Sudlow, Masters Gee, Bradshaw, Benson, Ashworth, and Poplewell; Messrs. Edmondson, Standage, Vaughan, Perring, Slater, Bednal, Walton, Phillips, Isherwood, Sheldrick, Smith, and Craig, with several amateurs, took part in the choruses and other pieces. We were pleased to see the venerable and much respected librarian of the Concert Hall, Mr. John Waddington, Sen., among them. The programme was made up of light and frivolous compositions. The concert opened with the National Anthem. The first glee, Bishop's "Hark! Apollo strikes the lyre," passed off with spirit. The trio by Horsley, "When shall we three meet again?" seemed to lack repose. Stafford Smith's "While fools their time," did not afford us the usual gratification. A trivial piece, "Had I a boat," sung by Misses Sudlow and Mr. Delavanti, served to give zest for the chorus "Oh! the forester's life," written by our townsman, Mr. Hime. We have rarely been more pleased with this merry troling hunting song, and the hearty manner in which it was given called forth a most unanimous encore. A little bagatelle, "Twine, ye roses," from the Orpheus collection of German glees, was unworthy a place at this club. "The chough and crow," closed the first part. A piece of lovely choral harmony, selected from the Orpheus collection, "Flowers and fragrance rise from the ground," opened the second part, followed by a gem from the pen of the talented and much-respected organist of St. Paul's, Westminster, John Goss. "There is beauty on the mountains" will bear frequent repetition. Leeson's glee "This life is what we make it," will always be a favourite. "Though he be now a grey friar," from Bishop's *Maid Marian* reminds us of his solo and chorus from the same opera "O! bold Robin Hood." The little unpretending chorale "Now pray we for our country," never fails to receive a welcome at this club. Mr. Barlow's forces are under admirable discipline and at all times do him much credit. Perhaps the best glee during the whole evening was "Ye spotted snakes," sung by Misses Sudlow, Messrs. Phillips and Sheldrick. The concert closed with Loder's glee, "Good night, all's well!" which was given by the whole of the choir with faultless precision; the melody, which is sustained by alto or first tenor, is simple and enchanting, and haunts the ear for days after once heard: this piece, on better acquaintance, will become widely popular with our glee clubs and other convivial societies. It was loudly re-demanded, and seemed to give the highest gratification to all present. The chairman, W. C. Cruttenden, Esq., in introducing it, took occasion to refer to the services rendered by Mr. Loder that evening, as also the high state of efficiency attained by the choir. After supper, the toast of "The Strangers" was responded to by Captain Brown, of the Royal Fusiliers; after which, songs, glees, &c. were given by Mr. Perring, Mr. Delavanti, and others, which kept up the meeting until the usual hour for separating. The next

concert will be held on Thursday the 6th October, when Mr. Sowler will occupy the chair.—(*Manchester Courier*.)

**IBID.**—After closing on Saturday week, the Theatre Royal reopened on Saturday last, for the winter season. The performances introduced us, among other "old familiar faces," to Mr. A. Harris, whose presence as stage superintendent is always a goodly presage. A *debutante* also, under the name of Miss Grey, is added to the company, who promises well. This we understand, is her first season upon any stage. Miss Grey is tall, of good figure, with pleasing features; and she possesses a manner, as well as elocution, which indicates a previous familiarity with good society. On Monday evening, Mr. C. Mathews made his appearance in a farce called *Not a Bad Judge*, assuming the part of "Lavater," the physiognomist,—the principal object of the piece apparently being to show that he took his prescience less from facial expression than a close observation of casual circumstances surrounding those whose characters he would read. By this means he bewilders a certain foolish burgomaster, and subverts the schemes of an adventurer, who, under the disguise of the "Marquis de Treval," has become the affianced of the daughter of "Count de Steinberg," the friend of "Lavater." The make-up of Mathews was admirable, and equally talented the acting, reminding those who have frequented the French theatres of the finished pictures presented by the leading actors of Paris. Of course the part forbade the introduction of that rich eccentricity with which the name of Mathews is more immediately associated, but it possessed a certain humour nevertheless, and its truth told upon every portion of the audience, from dress-circle to gallery. Miss Grey again appeared in a small part, "Louise," and evidently made a favourable impression in spite of that timidity which the novelty of her position will for a time more or less induce. Mr. J. Wood made a good deal of a small part as the "Burgomaster."—(*Manchester Examiner*.)

**DUBLIN.**—The Lord Lieutenant and the Countess of St. Germans gave a grand concert at the Viceregal Lodge on Wednesday evening, the 31st ult., in honour of her Majesty's visit. A large number of the *élite* of the fashionable world were present. The following was the programme:—

#### PROGRAMME—PART I.

Glee—"By Celia's Arbour" ...	Horsley.
Song—"When the quiet moon is beaming" ...	Schondorf.
Irish melody (harmonized)—"The last glimpse of Erin."	
Song—"The Tear" ...	Kucken.
Glee—"When Damon is present" ...	Sir J. Stevenson.

#### PART II.

Glee—"When wearied wretches" ...	Bishop.
Spanish Song ...	
Quartet—"Faithless Emma" (harmonized by T. T. Magrath) ...	Sir J. Stevenson.
Irish melody—"When thro' life."	
Glee—"Come, bounteous May" ...	Spofforth.

Dr. F. Robinson, Mr. William Robinson, jun.; Mr. Richard Smith, Mr. Yoakley, and several distinguished amateurs, had the honour of singing before her Majesty on the occasion. Her Majesty expressed herself highly pleased with the performances, and Prince Albert so much admired the Irish melody, "The last glimpse of Erin," that he asked for a copy of it. Mr. H. Bussel, organist to the Lord Lieutenant, conducted the concert.

#### Miscellaneous.

MISS EMMA SANGER, late of Her Majesty's Theatre, is fulfilling an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, with the greatest success.

ALL the places in the boxes, for Grisi and Mario's concert, who are engaged by Mr. Newcombe, at the Theatre Royal, Plymouth, are already taken, and the pit is to be converted into stalls.

MR. EMANUEL AGUILAR, the talented pianist and composer, is sojourning at Brighton for a short period. We hope to have the pleasure of hearing him play at some of the fashionable concerts.

A private entertainment was given last Thursday afternoon, at the Newburgh Rooms, Brighton, for the purpose of introducing a newly-invented instrument, called the "Musical Harmonium." It is an instrument which takes up but small space in a room; the tone partakes of the quality of an organ, and notwithstanding a body of tone can be produced sufficiently loud for a large room, it may be subdued to suit the drawing-room. Madame Sievres played some pieces effectively; the most interesting performance was a duet with the harmonium and piano, performed by Madame Sievres alone, the harmonium with the right hand, and the piano with the left. It had a novel effect; the duet was cleverly played. Madame Sievres was assisted by Signor Cimino, Madame D'Egville Michau, and Mr. Cramer. The latter treated the audience with one of his effective solos, and gained great applause.

MR. EDWARD SCHULTZ, the talented pianist, is at Brighton, whence he intends proceeding to the Isle of Wight, previous to his return to town for the season.

MR. EDWARD TURNER, the talented vocalist, formerly a pupil of Mr. Clement White, is at Brighton, professionally engaged at the theatre, where he has already become a deserved favourite.

ALEXANDRE BILLET.—This eminent pianist will leave London next week to fulfil engagements at Derby, Leicester, and Nottingham.

NEW MUSIC.—"The Triplet" is somewhat of a novelty in dance music, combining, in one piece, the Grosvenor Galop, the Sutherland Valse à Deux Temps, the Belgrave Polka, which the author, Mr. Edgar Webster, the well-known *maitre de danse* of Chester and Liverpool, intends to form one varied and animated dance during the forthcoming season. The idea is certainly both original and good, and likely to be popular. The music of the various dances is pleasing and lively; but we like the *valse* best, as it is exceedingly spirited, and the tune well-marked. Plain directions for the due performance of the dance will be given with the music. "When the Moon is brightly shining," is a new tenor song, which last week created a great sensation at the Bradford Festival, where it was admirably sung by Mr. Sims Reeves. Like everything from the pen of its composer, the great violinist, Molique, this song is remarkable for fluent grace and pleasing melody, though many who only admire namby-pamby songs, think it deficient in tune. However, Molique could not be vulgar, if he wished; and this, his last composition, will task the artistic powers of the vocalist more than the mere voice. "When the Moon is brightly shining," is published by Wessel and Co., the well-known German and classical music-publishers, of Regent Street, London.

BLEWITT.—On Sunday week, in the burial ground of St. Pancras, the earth closed over the remains of poor John Blewitt, the composer, who, for more than half a century, has provided the lovers of light music with compositions; many of those brought forth during his latter years being, we fear, the produce of anything but a light heart; for adversity had, in the decline of his life, surrounded him with the horrors of poverty, aggravated by a painful internal disease, from which he suffered excruciating agony for many years. He continued, notwithstanding, till within a few weeks of his death, to throw off the merriest of tunes for the music-publishers, and after having, for twenty-five years, provided the Christmas pantomime music for the principal London theatres—a branch of the art in which he peculiarly excelled—he showed, in the last Drury Lane pantomime of *Harlequin Hudibras* that his gaiety was exuberant, and his invention as fertile as ever. To Blewitt we are indebted for the airs of many of our popular comic songs and Hibernian ditties, amongst which latter the never-to-be-forgotten "Barney Brallaghan" may be mentioned as having brought a fortune to the singer, without realising a sixpence for the composer. At the glee-clubs his compositions generally carried off the prize, and as musical director of Vauxhall Gardens, and more recently as a pianist, accompanying Mr. Templeton in his vocal entertainments, his talent was always recognised. As the composer of upwards of two thousand original pieces of music, John Blewitt deserved at least a competency for his old age; but, unfortunately, he has left a widow and two daughters without the slightest means of support. Those who feel disposed to afford assistance to the afflicted family, will not deem it irrelevant to

mention that their address is No. 7, Charlton Crescent, Islington Green. The deceased was in his 73rd year.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS has returned to town, from Whitland's Abbey, the seat of the Hon. Mr. Yelverton, in South Wales.

## PIPS FROM PUNCH.

### PIP 1.

#### A MUSICAL PUMP.

A COMPOSER, whom we cannot do less than call a Musical Pump, so full is his head of crotchets and water—has published three watery sheets of music for the Pianoforte, respectively entitled "The Morning Mist," "The Rainbow," and "The Water-fall." Why should he stop here? why not thoroughly drain the subject? why not fathom it in all its depths, until he has not left a drop of water that can be sounded, or out of which any sound can be got, by any other composer? In our liberality, we beg to suggest a few subjects for him.

"The Shower of Rain"—dedicated to the Lessee of Vauxhall, with an illuminated frontispiece, showing a view of the "Ten Thousand additional Lamps," in water colours.

"The Umbrella Galop, and Parasol Polka," dedicated to the fair frequenters of the Horticultural and Botanical Gardens—with a fine running accompaniment.

"The Deluge,"—humbly inscribed to LORD MAIDSTONE.

"The Mackintosh March,"—with a view of Chobham Camp—and a beautiful waterproof wrapper.

"The Bucket of Water,"—a composition for the milk-pail.

"The Overflow,"—with a splendid engraving of the Surrey Zoological Gardens, showing the overflow caused by a little POOLE. "Exceedingly playful."—*Musical Review*.

"The Cats and Dogs' Schottische,"—as danced at all the Scottish Fêtes in Holland Park, Cremorne, &c.

And when the subject of rain-water is fairly pumped out, there are all the other atmospheric changes, of which our climate offers such a tempting variety, and some of which must surely contain a few of the elements of success. We scarcely know which are the most ridiculous—the titles that are given now-a-days to new shirts, or the subjects that are chosen, as the sources of inspiration, by our musical composers.

### PIP 2.

#### EXTREME CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.

THE *Field* newspaper prides itself in giving "No Reports of Prize Fights." So conscientious is the paper in this particular, that it has announced its determination—in the event of the decimal coinage being adopted—to turn away every farthing, rather than derive a profit from a single *mil*.

### PIP 3.

#### CAUSE AND NO EFFECT.

"Cause and effect."—It is said that a cause is always followed by effect, but this is not the case at all events at law, where a cause is too frequently followed by "No Effects." (As also in a Symphony.—(Ed.)

### PIP 4.

#### GO IT WILD.

MR. ALBERT SMITH alters his song of "*Galignani's Messenger*" to the current events of the day. MR. WYLD will have to follow his example, and keep a staff of colourmen constantly at work on his Model. Poland is gone! Turkey threatened! and in the *Times* of Saturday, we find—

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And

"Mont Blanc will close this Evening!"

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